

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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YET ONWARD.

I thank Thee, Lord, for precious things
Which Thou into my life hast brought;
More gratefully my spirit sings
Its thanks for all I yet have not.

How fair Thy world to me has been!
How dear the friends who breathe its air!
But who can guess what waits within
Thine opening realms, Thy worlds more fair.

That which I had has slipped away,
Lost in the abysses of the Past;
By that I lack am I to-day
Heir of Thine undawned æons vast.

To some Thou giv'st at ease to lie
Content in anchored happiness;
Thy breath my full sail swelling, I
Across Thy broadening seas would press.

At friendly shores, at peaceful isles
I touch, but may not long delay;
Where Thy flushed east with mystery smiles
I steer into the unrisen day.

For veils of hope before Thee drawn,
For mists that hint the immortal coast,
Hid in Thy farthest, faintest dawn,—
My God, for these I thank Thee most.

Joy, joy, to see from every shore
Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
Thy sunrise reddening still before;
More light, more love, more life beyond!
—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

To all of us God has made the present of
another summer. In each day how much
was contained of golden sunshine, sweet
flowers, rich fruits,—vegetables and fruits
filled with the sunshine, and with currents of
electric life running through all their cells!
As each day's separate gift was opened, the
little children stood expectant to see what
was to come from it. Strawberries and
roses came with June, raspberries and cherries
in July, a long succession of many-colored,
many-scented plants diversifying the year.
Meantime the mornings have dawned serene,
and melted into noon, and journeyed on to
soft evening and silent nights, with troops
of summer stars. The birds have sung, the
brooks rippled all day long: the ocean has
swung long, steadfast waves, an ever-beating
pulse on the rocky shore. So has each day
come, a new gift from God, freighted with
beauty, use, health, instruction, opportunity;
and, having received such a gift, ought we
not to thank the Giver with grateful hearts?

God has given this luxuriant, abounding
summer to all of us. His sun shines, his rain
falls on all his children. Summer rolls over
the whole lands, one great wave of heat, light,
verdure, animation, growth. It comes to
the children of the poor, in the country, on
the prairie, and in the city, and makes a
vacation for them by sending them to a new
school. Even the children in the city can
go to the Common or the Public Garden, and
see some little scraps of Nature, gather the
crumbs which fall from her affluent table.
But in the country how the little children
revel in the long summer days! How they
wander through the woods, and paddle on
the lakes, and seek wild berries in the field,
and are all the time in God's great primary
school, learning the alphabet of his wisdom,
goodness, and power. They walk with God
as the disciples walked with Jesus to Em-
maus, and their hearts burn within them as
he talks to them by the way, and opens to
them his elder scripture, the oldest testa-
ment of all, the tables of the covenant,
written by his own finger on the rocky tab-
lets of Nature.

For Nature is not only overflowed with bounty for our joy: she is a school where we are sent to learn. What have you learned this summer? You have sat under elms in the Connecticut Valley, and read your book; and your eye has wandered up to the massy multitude of leaves above, waving and flickering, and perhaps you have thought how God cared for every little leaf, cutting it into its own curve of beauty; and you knew that this universal Father touches with an equally patient skill every budding thought and purpose in the human heart of his children. You have walked on the long, sandy beach, and seen the ceaseless roll and break of the surf, seen the immeasurable smile of the ocean; and calmness has come into your heart, while you said: "The sea is his. This ocean he rolls daily into a thousand gulfs and bays. He sends its tidal waves sweeping round the globe."

You have gone among the mountains, and have looked at those sublime forms, rosy in morning and evening twilight, from whose bare summits you have looked over a panorama, a hundred miles in diameter. So the sense of grandeur and majestic power sinks into the soul. In the untrodden wildernesses, amid awful solitudes, man ceases to think of himself, and thinks of God.

Thus Nature is a school,—primary school, grammar school, high school, university, all in one. She teaches little children their alphabets while they are at play,—teaches them elementary lessons of the qualities of things, of hard and soft, heavy and light, malleable and elastic. These are her object-lessons. To those a little older she shows the grammar of the world, the laws of language in sea and sky. Man at work knows how things are related to each other. Work carries us farther in the knowledge of things than play, for it makes us verify everything. But we enter the high school and the university only when we go farther, and take up that greatest work of life, of which the elements are conscience, liberty, and love. To this all things lead, all invite. Summer and winter, nature and society, success and failure, life and death,—all point to the highest aim,—spiritual growth, religious progress the salvation of the soul.

But this Nature *alone* cannot teach. She becomes a university for this higher teaching only as she is interpreted for us by God's voice through inspired souls, by God's voice in our own soul. Then the school becomes a church.

If the summer has brought you only passive pleasure, selfish indulgence, it has been wasted. Rest is good, and joy is good, but

only as they lead to something higher and better. For man is so made that he can never rest contented in any merely passive joy. He can be happy only when he is making progress. The only thing that satisfies the soul, that makes a perfect rest, which turns all things to gold and earth to heaven, is a heavenly life, a life in which we have plenty to know, plenty to love, and plenty to do, and are making progress all the time to more knowledge, love, and usefulness.

It was to teach us this that Christ came, to teach us this that the holy spirit comes daily to our souls, that God knocks at the door of our hearts.

This teaches us that we have plenty to know only when we see God in all things, plenty to love when we love God in all his creatures, plenty to do when we serve him by making ourselves useful to others.

My text, "The Summer is Ended," is commonly chosen as the subject of the last sermon preached at a revival meeting. When all the converts have been baptized, the minister preaches a sermon from this passage, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

I also would ask, "Are we saved?" Summer rest and joy will not save us. All the joy in the universe heaped on us would not save us. We are safe from the perils which belong to the great power of freedom which is in all of us only when we are doing what Christ did,—seeing God in all things, loving God in all things, serving God by serving his children. Then all things will work for our good, and we shall not be afraid of any evil tidings.

For evil tidings are always arising. Danger is always near. Even in this peaceful summer we have been living in the midst of danger and of crime. What shall make us safe? Not summer days, not the shield of devoted love, not all the bulwarks which civilization and fortune place around us. Nothing can make us safe but a life hid with Christ in God. And by this I mean nothing mystical. I mean the simple purpose and habit of living with our heavenly Father wherever we are, seeing him in nature, history, life. Then we are safe in a railroad train or in a brokers' board on Wall Street, as safe as in a church or a prayer-meeting. Then, if we fall, struck dead by sudden accident, we fall, as in the play of "Lear" Gloster thinks himself falling from Dover Cliff, and drops on the soft grass. We fall through death into the arms of God, outspread to receive us. We fall from love into larger love; from knowledge into deeper knowledge, from usefulness here

into the uses, whatever they may be, of the great world beyond.

And, as we love to linger to see the sun descending in the west, bending over the ocean brim, so we rejoice when our human life fades away from us in a sunset of radiance, and when we see the night coming, when we fall asleep to dream of God and wake in his presence.

So, though the summer is ended, the better part of summer need not be ended. We shall take it with us into winter. Whatever we have seen of God in nature, felt of God in our hearts, and done for God with our hands makes a perpetual summer within. The outward summer comes and goes: the summer of the heart shall abide forevermore.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Begin now the eternal life of trustful consecration and sanctified service, consciously drawing your innermost life from God. Life will hold more to you than you ever dreamed.—*Light on the Hidden Way.*

Would you infuse a new vigor into your lagging desires for good and once more set forth your aspirations after holiness upon an upward flight? Forget yourselves in toil and prayer and hope for mankind.—*Charles Beard.*

There is a solemn choice in life. Life and death, light and darkness, truth and lies, are set before us. At every instant the cry comes for us to choose one or the other. And the choice of one involves the putting away of the other. And we must choose. That is one of the certainties of life.—*Stopford Brooke.*

Religion is no more possible without prayer than poetry without language or music without atmosphere. In the dumb heart it invariably dies; and, wherever it lives, it is in the habitual faith that, as we "give good gifts unto our children, much more will the heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him."—*John Hamilton Thom.*

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from action, to have learned to feel rightly without acting rightly. Feeling is given to lead to action. If feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue.—*F. W. Robertson.*

We are to live, not that we may have things, but that they may make us better men and women; not that we may have liberty, but that out of our liberty there may come a better

growth; not that we may have education, if by education we mean schools and books, but that out of schools and books there may emerge a nobler manhood; not even that we may have religion, if by religion we mean creeds and rituals and churches and preachers. These are of use as they only make men more worthy to be called the sons of God.—*Lyman Abbott.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss L. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell St., Cambridge, Mass., offers:—

"Audrey," Mary Johnston; "An Auld Licht Manse," Barrie; "Deborah, a Tale of the Times of the Maccabees"; "Wonders of Pompeii"; "The Truants"; "A Romantic Young Lady"; "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Drummond; "King Lear"; "Macbeth"; "The Spirit of Nature Study"; "The White Hills," Starr King; "Angel Voices"; "Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort"; "The Stone Mason," Lamartine; "Life and Times of Joseph Warren"; "Life and Travels of A. von Humboldt"; "Illustrated Scripture Gift Book"; "Mountain-eering in the Sierra Nevada"; "The Siege of Youth"; "Sir Patrick"; "Good-bye, Proud World"; "Ecce Cœlum, or Parish Astronomy"; "The King's Mirror and Father Stafford," Anthony Hope; "The Mantle of Elijah," Zangwill; "In the Old Château"; "Eben Holden."

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 7 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. "Song Books for Children"; "The Rational Speller"; "Child Life"; Reader, second and third grade; "New Century Reader," first year; "Around the World," first book of geography; "Franklin Arithmetic"; "Science Primer, Chemistry"; "Selections," Duc de la Rochefoucauld; "Selections," Rufus Ellis; "Watts and Select Hymns"; "Ships that pass in the

Night"; "Something Better"; "A Pair of Blue Eyes," Thomas Hardy; "Emma," Jane Austen; "Sense and Sensibility," Jane Austen; "Northanger Abbey," Jane Austen; "Hyperion," H. W. Longfellow; "Mosses from an Old Manse," N. Hawthorne; "Queenie's Whim," Rosa N. Carey; "The Squire's Legacy," Carey; "Wooded and Married," Carey; Sheet Music, vocal and instrumental.

French and German.

"German Principia," Part I. and II.; Prendergast's "Mastery Series," German; Eysenbach, "German Grammar"; "Methode Berlitz," German; "Progressive French Drill Book"; Macmillan's "Progressive French Course," first year; "French Reader," V. F. Bernard; "La Fille de Rolande" (drama).

Any one willing to pay freight on a barrel of magazines can receive the same by applying to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—I want to thank you all for the comfort and cheer you have sent me. I have been confined to my bed the most of the time since last October in a plaster-of-paris cast, and I wish I could tell you how much you have helped me. Every letter or package of reading has come as a ray of sunshine to my heart. Some have sent reading with no address, and one dear sister sent me a book and a birthday bookmark. I was too sick to write at the time, and the address was lost; but the little bookmark has a place in my daily reading. I look for my little *Cheerful Letter* as a visit from my friends. Now may God bless you all. Lovingly your Shut-in sister, (Mrs.) Clara A. Welch, St. Albans, Maine.

2. I am still receiving the little *Cheerful Letter* and enjoying it. It is a long time since I have put in a request. I wish some of the sisters would send me the song or just the words of

"Two little hands to work for Jesus
One little tongue his praise to tell."

It is sung in some of the Sunday-schools in Virginia. I am anxious for it for my primary

work and would like any "action songs." Mrs. Lillie Davis, Shiloh, New Jersey.

3. Mrs. F. E. Briggs, 392 Cambridge Street, Portland, Oregon, is anxious to receive the numbers of *New England Magazine* containing "King Spruce."

4. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—Will each of you who has sent me reading matter please accept my grateful thanks? I ask another favor of you. Should any of you, while reading papers or magazines, come across any plans, suggestions, ways, or means of making money, please save such clippings and send to me. As many of you already know, I have been a Shut-in, in two ways for a number of years,—living on an isolated farm, and being confined to my bed so much. I have a daughter now nine years old and can send her to her first school this year if I can obtain such things as she will need. From the clippings perhaps I may find a way to make a little money, enough to buy her clothing and books. Books are not furnished school children in this State as they are in Northern States. I am yours cheerfully and gratefully, Lizzie Bunton, Box 117, Dale, Caldwell County, Texas.

5. Jessie Mosley, Birdell, Randolph County, Arkansas, asks for McGuffey's Third Reader and First Lessons in History.

6. Miss W. J. Sheppard, Wedowee, Alabama, a poor cripple girl, will be very glad of reading. She is in almost constant pain and will appreciate any favor shown her.

7. Agnes Hearn, North Platte, Nebraska, a little girl, nine years of age, asks for reading for herself.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MORAL DISCIPLINE IN A SCHOOL.

1. The first duty of a teacher, when he enters his school, is to beware of making an unfavorable impression on his pupils, at first. Many years ago, when I was a child, the teacher of the school where my early studies were performed closed his connection with the establishment, and, after a short vacation, another was expected. On the appointed day the boys began to collect, some from curiosity, at an early hour, and many speculations were started as to the character of the new instructor. We were standing near a table, with our hats on,—and our position, and the exact appearance of the group is

indelibly fixed on my memory,—when a small and youthful looking man entered the room and walked up toward us. Supposing him to be some stranger, or, rather, not making any supposition at all, we stood looking at him as he approached and were thunder-struck at hearing him accost us with a stern voice and sterner brow: "Take off your hats. Take off your hats, and go to your seats." The conviction immediately rushed upon our minds that this must be our new teacher. The first emotion was that of surprise, and the second was that of the ludicrous, though I believe we contrived to smother the laugh until we got out into the open air.

So long since was this little occurrence that I have entirely forgotten the name of the teacher, and have not the slightest recollection of any other act in his administration of the school. But this recollection of his first greeting of his pupils and the expression of his countenance at the moment will go with me to the end of life. So strong are first impressions.

Be careful, then, when you first see your pupils, that you meet them with a smile. I do not mean a pretended cordiality which has no existence in the heart, but think of the relation which you are to sustain to them, and think of the very interesting circumstances under which for some months, at least, your destinies are to be united to theirs, until you cannot help feeling a strong interest in them. Shut your eyes for a day or two to their faults, if possible, and take an interest in all their pleasures and pursuits, that the first attitude in which you exhibit yourself before them may be one which shall allure, not repel.

2. In endeavoring to correct the faults of your pupils, do not, as many teachers do, seize only upon *those particular cases* of transgression which may happen to come under your notice. These individual instances are very few, probably, compared with the whole number of faults, against which you ought to exert an influence. And though you perhaps ought not to neglect those which may accidentally come under your notice, yet the observing and punishing such cases is a very small part of your duty.

You accidentally hear, I suppose, as you are walking home from school, two of your boys in earnest conversation, and one of them uses profane language. Now the course to be pursued in such a case is not to call the boy to you the next day and punish him, and there let the matter rest. This would perhaps be better than nothing. But the chief impression which it would make upon the individual, and upon the other scholars,

would be, "I must take care how I *let the master hear me* use such language again." A wise teacher, who takes enlarged and extended views of his duty, in regard to the moral progress of his pupils, would act very differently. He would look at the whole subject. "Does this fault," he would say to himself, "prevail among my pupils? If so, how extensively? It is of comparatively little consequence to punish the particular transgression. The great point is to devise some plan to reach the whole evil and to correct it, if possible."

In one place, where such a circumstance occurred, the teacher managed it most successfully in the following way.—*Jacob Abbott.*

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

MACK, THE PARROT. III.

So much is said nowadays about "nature fakirs," who write romances about animals rather than facts, that I almost hesitate about continuing my narrative of Mack, the Parrot, copied into *The Cheerful Letter* from the *Christian Register*. Still, as I have a good deal of material yet unused, I would like to send it out to those who are interested.

Mack is very fond of people with dark eyes, as if he felt a relationship with them. Miss Florence N. is one of his favorites; and one day she drove to our door with her grandmother, who wished to see the parrot, if we would kindly bring him out to the carriage, as she was lame, and could not easily come to the door. So Mack was carried out, and had a delightful call with his two dark-eyed admirers. When the call was over, I carried him back to the house, Miss Florence coming in with me. Finding that she was going to open the screen-door for me, Mack exclaimed, in the sweetest tones:—

"I'll open the door." This to the astonishment of both of us, although accustomed to his bright sayings. And it was not only the words that surprised us, but the courtier-like tone of voice in which they were spoken.

As an artist I am often urged to paint the parrot; but the difficulty of doing it with his constantly changing movements has only resulted, so far, in a dozen or more pencil studies. Seeing my efforts at trying to catch him for a moment in a desirable position, and noticing, also, the number of my attempts, he asked:—

"Are you making Mackies?"

Finding that I was absorbed in my work,

and consequently forgetting to talk to him, he asked pathetically:—

"Do you love the little boy?"

This question is often asked. He wishes to be sure of our continued affection; and, this decided, he will burst sometimes into a torrent of song, loud and long, and full of the joy of living.

One day a little boy of two years asked if he might play the piano. On being allowed to do it, he ran his chubby fingers over the keys lightly, but of course with no musical result. Mack was on the alert, exclaiming:

"I don't think I like that!" adding, thoughtfully, "Perhaps I don't know,"—a rare mingling of truth and modesty.

A number of children came to the house for ten-minute music lessons daily. At first Mack thought it was for his benefit, as he is very fond of children. At length he seemed to get the idea and now watches their progress with interest intense. One little girl was struggling with her "chords," but finally mastered them.

"That's better!" said Mack, approvingly.

When a new exercise is introduced, Mack listens with studious attention, softly trying it over by himself. His interest in music is remarkable, and it is not simply imitative. His favorite song is Schubert's "Serenade"; and his attempts to sing it are amusing, and not a little pathetic. It is almost a pity to have a bird so human!—*Helen M. Knowlton.*

A TRUE DOG STORY.

[The following pretty story was sent to the *Cheerful Letter* by the writer. The editor is always glad to receive anecdotes of this sort.]

One summer a friend and myself made the acquaintance of a beautiful collie dog under curious circumstances.

We were spending part of a summer at a large farm, miles away from the railroad and three miles from the highway, the road leading to the place from the travelled road, accommodating only the house we were staying in, and no other. We were wandering down this road one day when we encountered a collie having the unmistakable air about him of being lost, or at least away from his usual habitat. We immediately made friendly overtures, but to our surprise these were not responded to, the dog evidently longing to be patted, and yet drawing back whenever a hand was advanced. He had so unnatural an air that we felt sure we should have listened to an unusual history if he could have spoken. We thought he might be hungry, so, after repeated attempts to

beguile him, we deposited some biscuits on a stone and continued our walk. For days we had the same experience, and never once could we touch the collie, although we had always before found this particular kind of dog especially friendly. One day a singular event occurred. We were passing the spot which our friend seemed to have chosen for his temporary home, and were about to call him, when there raced over a neighboring field another dog, who bounded up to our friend, stood nose to nose with him for a minute or two, talking earnestly, and then dashed off again in the direction from which he had come. The next morning there was no collie, and we never again met him in our walks; and, as the weeks passed by, we ceased to speak or think of him. The time came for us to go home, and the journey involved a delightful drive of eight or ten miles to the station. On our way, some six miles from the farm, our host drew up at a farm-house where he had business to transact. To our amazement a collie—*our* collie—flew to meet us, climbed up over the wheel of the wagon, and kissed us both rapturously. It was as if he said, "I was *not* ungrateful, pray do not think so; but a collie away from his home and friends is not himself." And again and again he bounded upon us, insisting upon receiving the caresses we had felt obliged to decline before. It then transpired that a married daughter had come for a visit to her former home, bringing her baby with her, which baby naturally received all the petting and attention that a baby usually inspires. This was more than the collie could endure. He had disappeared from his home, to the grief of the family, and had reappeared to their astonishment on the very day the baby's visit came to an end. Why he had gone and where he had been in the mean time were questions they asked each other in vain. Two persons, however, speeding on their way to Boston, could now have explained the mystery and might have enlightened them.

A. B. S.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

(Continued from last number.)

Many details of comforts and habits in those days were very much in arrear of ours, perhaps about equally in Ireland and in England. It is droll to remember, for example, as I do vividly, seeing in my childhood the housemaids striving with infinite pains and great loss of time to obtain a light with steel and flint and a tinder-box, when by some untoward accident all the fires in

the house (habitually burning all night) had been extinguished.

The first match-box I saw was a long upright red one, containing a bottle of phosphorous and a few matches which were lighted by insertion in the bottle. After this we had lucifers which nearly choked us with gas, but in which we gloried as among the greatest discoveries of all time. Seriously I believe few of the vaunted triumphs of science have contributed so much as these easy illuminators of our long, dark northern nights to the comfort and health of mankind.

Again, our grandmothers had used exquisite China basins with round, long-necked jugs for all their ablutions, and we had advanced to the use of large basins and foot-pans, slipper baths and shower baths, when, as nearly as possible in 1840, the first sponge bath was brought to Ireland. I was paying a visit to my father's cousin, Lady Elizabeth McClintock, at Drumcar, in County Louth, when she exhibited with pride to me and her other guests the novel piece of bedroom furniture. When I returned home and described it, my mother ordered a supply for our house, and we were wont for a long time to inquire of each other, "How we enjoyed our tubs?" as people are now supposed to ask, "Have you used Pears' soap?" I believe it was from India that these excellent inventions came.

Many other differences might be noted between the habits of those days and ours. *Diners Russes* were, of course, not thought of. We dined at six, or six-thirty, at latest, and after the soup and fish all the first course was placed at once on the table. For a party, for example, of sixteen or eighteen, there would be eight dishes: joints, fowls, and entrées. It was a triumph of good cookery, but really achieved, to serve them all hot at once. Tea, made with an urn, was a regular meal taken in the drawing-room about nine o'clock, *never* before dinner. The modern five-o'clock tea was unknown in the forties, and, when I ventured sometimes to introduce it in the fifties, I was so severely reprehended that I used to hold a secret symposium for specially favored guests in my own room after our return from drives or walks. All old gentlemen pronounced five-o'clock tea an atrocious and disgraceful practice.

Another considerable difference in our lives was caused by the scarcity of newspapers and periodicals. I can remember when the *Dublin Evening Mail*, then a single sheet, appearing three times a week and received at Newbridge on the day after publication, was our only source of

news. I do not think any one of our neighbors took the *Times* or any English paper. Of magazines we had *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, but illustrated ones were unknown. There was a tolerable circulating library in Dublin, to which I subscribed, and from whence I obtained a good many French books; but the literary appetites of the Irish gentry generally were frugal in the extreme.

The real differences, however, between life in 1840 and life in 1890, were much deeper than any record of these altered manners, or even any references to the great changes caused by steam and the telegraph, can convey. There were certain principles which in those days were almost universally accepted, and which profoundly influenced all our works and ways. The first of them was Parental and Marital Authority. Perhaps my particular circumstances as the daughter of a man of immense force of will caused me to see the matter especially clearly, but I am sure that in the thirties and forties (at all events in Ireland) there was very little declension generally from the old Roman *Patria Potestas*. Fathers believed themselves to possess almost boundless rights over their children in the matter of pursuits, professions, marriages, and so on; and the children usually felt that, if they resisted any parental command, it was on their peril and an act of extreme audacity. My brothers and I habitually spoke of our father, as did the servants and tenants, as "The Master"; and never was title more thoroughly deserved.

Another important difference was in the position of women. Of this I shall have more to say hereafter. Suffice it to note that it was the universal opinion, that no gentlewoman could possibly earn money without derogating altogether from her rank (unless, indeed, by card-playing, as my grandmother did regularly); and that house-keeping and needlework (of the most in-artistic kinds) were her only fitting pursuits. The one natural ambition of her life was supposed to be a "suitable" marriage, the phrase always referring to *settlements*, rather than *sentiments*. Study of any serious sort was disapproved, and "accomplishments" only were cultivated. My father prohibited me, when very young, from learning Latin from one of my brothers, who kindly offered to teach me; but, as I have recounted, he paid largely and generously that I might be taught music, for which I had no faculties at all. Other Irish girls, my contemporaries, were much worse off than I; for my dear mother always did her utmost to help my

studies, and my liberal allowance permitted me to buy books.

The laws which concerned women at that date were so frightfully unjust that the most kindly disposed men inevitably took their cue from them, and looked on their mothers, wives, and sisters as beings with wholly inferior rights, with *no* rights, indeed, which should ever stand against theirs. The *deconsideration* of women (as dear Barbara Bodichon in later years used to say) was at once cause and result of our legal disabilities. Let the happier women of these times reflect on the state of things which existed when a married woman's inheritance, and even her own earnings (if she could make any), were legally robbed from her by her husband. Let them remember that a husband who had beaten and wronged his wife in every possible way could yet force her by law to live with him. Personally and most fortunately (for I know not of what crime I might not have been guilty if so tried) I never had cause of complaint on the score of injustice or unkindness from any of the men with whom I had to do. But the knowledge, when it came to me, of the legalized oppressions under which other women groaned lay heavy on my mind. I was not, however, in those early days interested in politics or large social reforms, and did not covet the political franchise, finding in my manifold duties and studies overabundant outlets for my energies.

Another difference between the first and latter half of the century is, I think, the far greater simplicity of character of the older generation. No doubt there were, at the time of which I write, many fine and suitable minds among the poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the day; but ordinary ladies and gentlemen, even clever and well-educated ones, would, I think, if they could revive now, seem to us rather like our boys and girls than our grandparents. Thousands of allusions, ideas, shades of sentiment and reflection which have become commonplaces to us, were novel and strange to them. What Cowper's poetry is to Tennyson's, what the "Vicar of Wakefield" is to "Middlemarch," so were their transparent minds to ours. I remember once (for a trivial example of what I mean) walking with my father in his later days in the old garden one exquisite spring day, when the apple-trees were covered with blossoms and the birds were singing all around us. As he leaned on my arm, having just recovered from an illness which had threatened to be fatal, and was in a mood unusually tender, I was tempted to say, "Don't you feel, father, that a day like this is almost too

beautiful and delicious, that it softens one's feelings to the verge of pain?" In these times assuredly such a remark would have seemed to most people too obvious to deserve discussion, but it only brought from my father the reply: "God bless my soul, what nonsense you talk, my dear! I never heard the like. Of course a fine day makes everybody cheerful, and a rainy day makes us dull and dismal." Every one I knew then was, more or less, similarly simple; and in some of the ablest whom I met in later years of the same generation (*e.g.*, Mrs. Somerville) I found the same single-mindedness, the same absence of all experience of the subtler emotions. Conversation, as a natural consequence, was more downright and matter of fact, and rarely if ever was concerned with critical analysis of impressions. In short (as I have said), our fathers were in many respects like children compared to ourselves.—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

TO HER BROTHER, JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

May, 1839.

My dear James,—I shall be wofully disappointed if you do not come here this summer. I depended so much upon seeing you here with your wife; and as for A., I am sure I shall never get acquainted with her unless you are here to introduce us.

Grandmother begs me to assure you that, if you do not bring A. here this summer to see her, she shall never again have the opportunity; for she does not think she shall be alive another year to welcome you.

I have said not a word of the Allston gallery nor of this other collection of old pictures at the Athenæum Exhibition, which is asserted to be the best one ever shown to us poor Transatlantic savages.

Ever yours,

SARAH.

JUNE 2, 1839.

Why cannot you do this? Go to Meadville and get your wife and come directly here, bringing Mr. H—— with you, and also Mrs. H——, leaving the church at Louisville shut up until you can send some one from here to supply your place.

Then stay here two weeks, and have the pleasure of introducing your wife to us, and your other friends *yourself*, and of showing her the pictures and other things *yourself*.

Mrs. George Ripley came and passed the day with me, the day before yesterday, and read to me the part of her journal which

described her visit to Meadville, and confirmed the truth of your portrait of A. They were altogether charmed both with their visit there and with the news of your engagement with A.

I hope you have not entangled yourself with any engagements to City Councils at this particular crisis. If you have, pray break through them like cobwebs, and tell them you will spin it all over again nicely next October.

Margaret's translation of Eckerman is just published, and I have read it without stopping; for it is most interesting, has a fine original preface, with something of Margaret's wit displayed therein. It is a beautiful translation, without awkwardness or confusion of any kind.

Margaret desired me to give you her love and congratulations, and to say that she wondered you did not tell her about it; but she wished you well, all the same.

Mr. Ripley says they are going to appoint you Bishop of the West, and make you overlook the whole land, and detect the first sprouts of liberal Christianity anywhere they may shoot up. So you will have enough on your hands without superintending city schools.

He wants to see a drawing made in illustration of Dr. P., in his threefold capacity of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, and Dean of the Faculty. I was startled to hear that he had resigned his office, put off his dignity, and become as another man; that he recommends that school to be closed for a few years, and to be reopened only when the pestilent effect of Mr. Emerson's upas-like address shall have been dissipated by abstinence from theological studies, or when those who have been poisoned by the infection shall have all died off.

Mr. Furness came to Boston for a few days with a whole set of those caricatures, the earlier and the later ones: he did nothing but pull them from his pocket when he went to see friends with whom he had had no interview for years, and demand their attention, while he explained and laughed over them, and, then restoring them to his pocket, he would go off without saying another word. They wanted him to go to the associations, etc., but he would have nothing to do with them, but had a good mind to go to the meeting of the like-minded that he might show them to Mr. Emerson, and was afterward heard to express a deep chagrin that he had neglected it. This is all I have heard of him.

We went to see Mr. Allston the other evening. He tells me he has not forgotten his promise, but as yet is not quite ready for me

to come, neither am I quite ready to go, having too many household cares just now to mingle harmoniously with the fine arts. However, I have the affairs pretty well arranged at present if they will stay so. The greatest difficulty is that grandmother follows behind me undoing everything that I do, unless it is knotted too securely for her power of untying, and then she is apt to cut it to pieces. This is not encouraging; but one has the pleasure of thinking how well it would go if that hindrance were not there. Once more, farewell.

Yours ever affectionately,
SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

1. A country in Asia.
2. A color and a letter.
3. Cape Cod fruit and impudence.
4. A river in Italy, an Irish woman's beverage, and "the five little pigs that went to market."
5. A parent and cuttings.
6. Reverse and small bites.
7. Time measures.
8. An Indian's wife and an interjection of silence.
9. Well or badly brought up.
10. A goat.
11. A letter.
12. A crowd of people in a small place.
13. Mixed-up type.
14. Two of a kind.
15. A receptacle for fluids and a letter.
16. A crow's call and a doctor's payment.
17. Ancient tales.
18. What I do to be heard.

—Every Other Sunday.

II.

ANAGRAM.

Some who were present at the first New England Thanksgiving:—

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Yram Thonic. | 2. Nojh Lande. |
| 3. Laliwim Fraddbor. | 4. Clirplais Sloimen. |
| 5. Lemys Thidanss. | 6. Ritbelg Swilown. |
| 7. Stoamasis. | 8. Grinepeer Thewi. |
| 9. Broomrem Tralleno. | 10. Dreel Stewebrr. |

—Youth's Companion.

III.

RUSSIAN RIDDLES.

1. There are four brothers under one hat?
2. Two brothers run side by side, but never catch one another?
3. What walks upside down overhead?

IV.

SQUARE.

1. A low place between hills.
2. The superficial contest of any figure.
3. A smaller portion or quantity.
4. A point of the compass.

V.

HIDDEN STATES.

1. Did the man with the ore go? No.
2. Ma; in every bag there is a prize.
3. Are you going in, Diana?
4. Oh! I owe you money.

—Selected.

Answers to puzzles in the October Number.

- I. A CUBE.—1-2. Debacle. 2-4. Elison.
5-6. Catalpa. 6-8. Advance. 1-5. Disc.
4-8. Name. 1-3. Decagon. 3-4. Nonagon.
5-7. Cabinet. 7-8. Thistle. 2-6. Emma.
3-7. Naet.

- II. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Napoleon Bonaparte. 2. Walter Scott. 3. Oliver Cromwell. 4. William E. Gladstone. 5. Horatio Nelson. 6. David Livingstone.

- III. RUSSIAN RIDDLES.—1. A Mile-stone.
2. Rain. 3. A Feather Bed.

IV. SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN GENERALS.

1. Rosecrans. 2. Sherman. 3. McClellan.
4. Thomas. 5. Hooker.

- V. SHAKESPEARE PUZZLE.—1. As You Like It. 2. Hamlet. 3. Merchant of Venice. 4. The Tempest. 5. All's Well that Ends Well. 6. Measure for Measure.

A LETTER.

I wish to express my satisfaction at seeing the article by the editor, on "Graduating Dress" reprinted from the *Transcript*, and only wish it could be further circulated. I do not see, indeed, why girls should not wear white frocks at graduation, which is properly a festival and not a working day, any more than I can see why my cook,—a young and pretty woman, be it said,—when she gives one of her occasional little parties in the kitchen, should not, when the room is tidied

and the supper ready for serving, put on a pretty white gown to receive her guests in. Many girls of the wealthiest families wear nothing but white, of course, suitably adapted to the occasion, in summer, either for work or play, and have nothing else to put on. With them it is a piece of economy rather than extravagance.

The folly lies in the emulation,—in the poorer girl's striving after as handsome or rather as expensive a gown as the wealthier wears, and in the wealthier's straining in turn to procure one a little better than any one else can afford. A plain white gown, as becoming as anything a girl need wear, and which will last and be useful for other occasions, can be had, probably is already owned, by every girl in school; but, the poorer the girl, the least willing, probably, would she be to wear it. The root of the evil lies in the democratic basis of our social condition, which, like all social conditions, has its good and its evil tendencies. Tell the small grocer's daughter that the gown she wishes is unsuitable to her station, and she will fire up at once. Why isn't her station as high as that of the millionaire's daughter? "I have been economizing on my dress allowance," said a wealthy woman, "meaning to get a black velvet gown with sable trimming this fall; but my cook has just come out in one, and my ardor is rather quenched!"

The argument that "father cannot afford it" will tell with a good-hearted girl. I have known a young woman, whose mother's last illness was a long and painful one, during which the poor invalid often wanted common comforts. Those she did have were usually the gift of charity, often from neighbors nearly as poor as herself. Meanwhile the daughter was putting by every penny she could scrape to buy herself a handsome set of jet when she went into mourning. For the mourning itself she means to beg. Such cases, it may be trusted, are not common. More often, the girl will do as Stella did, give up the finery, and then punish herself for her self-denial by staying away from the pleasure she longed for, a sad piece of folly to begin life upon.

There is nothing for it but to strike at the root,—to learn to care less for externals and more for the things of the spirit. If religion can teach anything, it should teach this; but the popular kind to be found in the Sunday-school books, it seems, does not. Cannot common sense, which should be found in religion, as in everything, do so? Cannot mothers teach their children that the first requisite to beauty of living, as to beauty in the arts, is proportion? that a single piece

of finery that cannot be "lived up to" is an incubus? and that a style of dress that is inappropriate ceases to be pleasing? To trail a costly gown on the pavements because a millionaire's wife wears one in her carriage is both foolish and vulgar. If you can have but one "best dress," simplicity looks better out of place than finery does.

Teach children, too, that youth is apt to exaggerate trifles, and that the differences on which they dwell so anxiously are very much less important than they imagine, even from their own narrow point of view. One of the most charming and admired women in society, whom I ever met, who mixed all her life with people much richer than herself, told me she had two rules which carried her through: one was never to refrain from inviting people because she had nothing good enough to give them; another, never to stay away from any place because she had "nothing fit to wear." She did the best she could, and then thought no more about it, nor did any one else ever find any fault.

"But we can't all be so charming as that," some girl may plead. Perhaps not; but, the more you worry about trifles, the less likely you are to become so. The girl who has the plainest gown on at a party, if she doesn't know it, may have as good a chance of pleasure there as any one.* Learn to get the pleasures that don't cost. If you are obliged to have a dinner of scraps, take the children out into the woods and fields to eat it, and it will seem a feast. If you can't get the girls new evening gowns, spend what little you have in giving them a dance. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

A. B. P.

THE NEW ENGLAND BOYS' SONG.

ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house away!
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky;
The dogs do bark,
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play—
Hear the bells ring
Ting-a-ling ding!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood—
No matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get
The sleigh upset
Into a bank of snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
To see little John and Ann;
And play snowball,
We will kiss them all,
And stay as long as we can.

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray;
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood;
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow
With a loud bow-wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river and through the wood,
When grandmother sees us come,
She will say, "Oh, dear,
The children are here.
Bring a pie for every one."

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—*Lydia Maria Child.*

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—*Whittier.*

* An apt illustration of this may be found in "La Robe Brodée," a pleasing tale by J. N. Bailly, whose writings were formerly to French girls what Miss Edgeworth's were to English ones.

HORSE HINTS.

There is an important difference between a tight check-rein and a tightened rein. The latter is a steady support from an intelligent source, while the former is only the horse's head fastened to his own shoulders.

The nosebag should be of open, porous texture above, so that the horse can breathe easily through it.

On the road, feed in small quantities about every two hours. This will prevent exhaustion, yet not overload the animal's stomach. Long fasts and full feed are very injurious, bringing on *staggers*, etc.

Let the horse have, when he stops, a mouthful of wet hay and a sip or two of water.

Never dash water into a horse's face, but wipe out his eyes and nostrils with a wet sponge.

Go slowly the first and last mile. Because the horse ought to get warm and cool by degrees.

Never stop long in cold, wet, or windy weather without putting some loose cloth over the horse's loins.

Never keep a dead pull on the horse's mouth. It hardens, pains, and irritates.

Do not continuously jerk the reins or use the whip: after a while the horse cannot tell when you use them in earnest.

When a horse shies at an object, do not whip him, or, on the other hand, pat him, but let him come slowly toward the object, yet not too close. In this way he sees what the object is, and gains courage.

Do not allow the farrier to pare away the frog of the horse's foot; for this part acts as a needed, elastic cushion, to relieve the shock of the hoof on the ground.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The November meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, November 8, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

Hereafter, subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper regularly is requested to notify the secretary.

The secretary may be seen at headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

Will any who has heard lately from Mrs. F. C. Dorn (whose former address was Pont Rock, Oneida County, New York) be kind enough to send this information to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to Mrs. W. B. Nichols.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.